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READING BOOKS.

BY  
REV. C. S. DAWE,  
NORMAL MASTER, ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA.

INSTRUCTIVE READER, NO. I.

EDUCATIONAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, LIMITED,  
1, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

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1875.



## PREFACE.

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THIS Series of Reading-books is designed to provide carefully-graduated Exercises in reading, and at the same time useful information on a variety of topics generally interesting to young people.

The lessons will be found, it is hoped, sufficiently attractive in style to be read with pleasure, whilst affording material sufficiently solid to require and repay an investigation of the subject-matter.

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\* From "Rhymes worth Remembering" (Partridge & Co.), inserted by the kind permission of the Author.

## THE HOLBORN SERIES.

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### INSTRUCTIVE READER, No. I.

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#### ROBINS AT SCHOOL.

bet-ter	din-ner	de-light	qui-et
cor-ner	hurt-ing	peep-ed	na-ked

I was once told of a pair of robins, that built their nest in a school-room. They chose a corner of an old desk. All the boys were very kind to the birds, and they let the robins go in and out without hurting them. It was fine fun to see them come into the room with straw or hair in their beaks. And it was still better fun to watch them build their nest.

When the boys came to school one morning, they peeped into the desk, and there was a little egg. On the next day there were two eggs, and before the end of the week there were four.

But what was their delight, when one morning they looked in, and saw four little naked birds with their mouths wide open! It was not long before the old birds came with their dinner. The boys looked more at the robins than at their books, when they saw them come in at the window with a worm for their young ones. But they kept quite quiet, to hear the little birds chirp, chirp, chirp.

---

<i>school</i>	<i>room</i>	<i>mouth</i>	<i>watch</i>
<i>build</i>	<i>chirp</i>	<i>chose</i>	<i>desk</i>

---

### THE PET LAMB.

shep-herd	wool-ly	fel-low	play-mate
bas-ket	rib-bon	tin-kle	hap-py
fath-er	moth-er	broth-er	sist-er

I once knew a little lad, named Henry Scott, whose father was a shepherd. The little fellow had no brothers or sisters to play with, and no other children lived near. So his father, one day, brought him home a little lamb for his playmate. It had such a white woolly coat, and such a fine long tail!

When the father came home with the lamb in his arms, he said—"This poor little lamb has lost his mother; she died last night. He has no one to take care of him but you, Harry; so I hope you will be very kind to him, and act like a good mother towards him." Little Henry was very much pleased.



and said, he would do all he could to make the lamb happy.

Three times a day he fed it with milk; and every morning he went out with his basket, and filled it with nice young grass. When he came back again, he sat down on a stool, and his little pet came, and ate from his hand.

Harry's mother gave him a ribbon with a bell to tie round the lamb's neck; so he always knew where to find his pet, for the bell went tinkle, tinkle, at every step.

---

<i>lamb</i>	<i>coat</i>	<i>tail</i>	<i>mother</i>
<i>grass</i>	<i>neck</i>	<i>young</i>	<i>brother</i>

---

#### MORE ABOUT ROBINS.

ket-tle      or-gan      bro-ken      join-er

Robins sometimes build their nests in a strange place. I have read of a robin that built a nest in an old kettle, and laid three eggs in it. And so one day the old kettle was all alive with three little robins.

I was told of a pair of robins that chose a church for their home. They built a nest on a small shelf at the back of the organ. And when the young ones grew strong, and were able to fly, they all flew away through a broken pane in the window.

I once saw a robin in a joiner's shop. He first came into the shop in a snow-storm.

The joiner was a very kind man, and as he was eating his dinner, he threw some crumbs to the poor robin. The little bird flew about the shop, and seemed quite happy. It would perch on a pole, or hop about the bench, and cheer the workmen with his song.

At last he became so bold as to perch on the joiner's hand, and pick crumbs of bread from it.

One day, sad to say, a cat came into the shop, and ran away with the robin in its mouth.

---

<i>church</i>	<i>shelf</i>	<i>bench</i>	<i>through</i>
<i>strong</i>	<i>first</i>	<i>quite</i>	<i>bread</i>

---

### BRAVE WILLY.

run-ning	tear-ing	bit-ten	piece
nar-row	be-hind	to-wards	piece-s

Willy was playing with his little sister, Mary, in a narrow lane. All at once they saw a great dog come round the corner of the lane. His mouth was white with foam, and his eyes looked wild and fierce.

On the dog came towards them, looking as if he would snap at everything he came across. Behind the dog some men were running as fast as they could. They had big sticks in their hands, and one of the men was armed with a gun. They wanted to kill the dog, because he was mad.

When Willy saw the mad dog, he pulled off his coat; and when the dog came up to him, he held out his coat for him to bite as much as he liked. While the dog was tearing the coat to pieces, the men came up and shot him dead.

The men asked the brave boy why he had not run away. "Because," he said, "the dog would have bitten my little sister."

---

<i>once</i>	<i>great</i>	<i>foam</i>	<i>sister</i>
<i>coat</i>	<i>could</i>	<i>round</i>	<i>father</i>

## PRETTY PUSS.

temp-er      play-ful      fun-ny      hast-en

We often stroke a cat, and say, "pretty puss." We like to feel her soft warm coat. She has a fine fur coat, and her dark stripes look very pretty. When she is in a good temper, she will purr, and rub her head against your legs. And if you take up her paws, to shake hands with her, you will find them quite soft. But if pussy is in a bad temper, she will put out her claws, and give you a scratch.

A little kitten is very playful. She will play with a ball, and roll a reel about the floor. Sometimes she will run round and round after her tail. She makes fun for herself out of everything she comes across. Sticks and straws serve her as playthings.

I love my little kitten,  
She has such pretty ways,  
She looks so very pretty,  
When with my ball she plays.

I like to watch my kitten,  
She has such funny tricks,  
She looks so very funny  
Playing with straws and sticks.



I laugh to see my kitten,  
 When round and round she runs;  
 To catch her tail she hastens,  
 And yet no nearer comes.

*stroke      stripe      shake      scratch*  
*floor      catch      comes      laugh*

---

TRY AGAIN.

suc-ceed      cour-age      per-se-vere      con-quer  
 pre-vail      dis-grace      pa-ti-ence      re-ward

'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
                                  Try, try, try again :  
 If at first you don't succeed,  
                                  Try, try, try again :  
 Then your courage should appear ;  
 For, if you will persevere,  
 You will conquer, never fear—  
                                  Try, try, try again.  
 Once or twice though you may fail,  
                                  Try, try, try again :  
 That at last you may prevail,  
                                  Try, try, try again.  
 If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,  
 Though we may not win the race ;  
 What should we do in that case ?  
                                  Try, try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,  
Try, try, try again :  
Time will bring you your reward,  
Try, try, try again.  
All that other people do,  
Why with patience should not you ?  
Only, keep this rule in view,  
Try, try, try again.

*appear first view task*  
*lesson twice fail strive*

---

---

### THE CAT AND THE FOX.

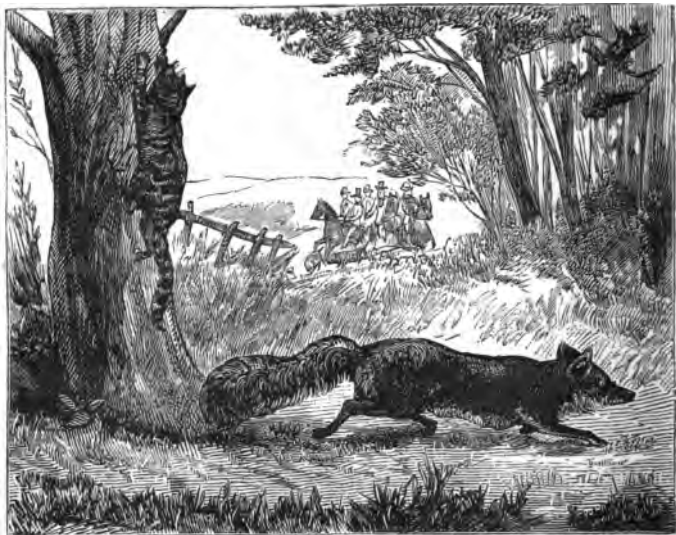
chick-ens    sup-pose    dodge    branch-es  
won-der    mo-ment    dodge-s    sto-len

One morning a cat and a fox met at the foot of a tree in a large wood, and began to talk to each other. The cat told him how many mice she had caught in the night, and the fox told her how many chickens he had stolen and eaten.

"Suppose," said the cat, "the owner should come with his dogs to catch the thief." "O, I don't care," said the fox, "I have always five tricks ready at hand, and five times five in a bag. I wonder what *you* would do, Mrs. Puss, if the hounds were to chase you?"

"I have only one trick," said the cat, "and if that should fail me, I am lost."

Just at that moment a **pack** of hounds **came in sight**. The cat ran up the tree, and hid in the branches. The fox ran off, and tried all his dodges, but was caught at last.



When the cat saw the sad end of the fox, she said to herself, "*I see, now, that one good trick is worth more than ten bad ones.*"

<i>talk</i>	<i>caught</i>	<i>fail</i>	<i>tricks</i>
<i>pack</i>	<i>hounds</i>	<i>chase</i>	<i>worth</i>

## NAUGHTY PUSS.

sor-ry	per-haps	naugh-ty	fond-er
cru-el	cap-tive	toss-es	sup-per

A cat will eat bread and cheese, but she is fonder of mice and meat. If you asked a cat what she would like best for dinner, she would say, "mice first, and fish after." And if you asked her to choose her supper, she would say, "A nice plump bird to eat, with a cup of warm milk to drink."

I am sorry to say, puss is very cruel, only she does not know it. I dare say you have seen her watch for a mouse near its hole. And, perhaps, you have seen her pounce upon the poor mouse, as soon as it came out of its hole.

Have you seen how she plays with her captive?

Yes, she holds it up in her paws like a doll, and turns it about like a ball; then she puts it down on the floor, and lets the poor little thing have a run. But before it has gone very far, naughty puss gives a spring, and the poor little mouse is again in her mouth.

It is sad, that mice should be treated in this way. But a cat does not know any better. She cannot say to herself, what is sport for

me is pain to the mouse. But a boy *does* know better. And so it is very sad to see him throw stones at a cat, or ill use it in any way.

---

*bread cheese choese warm*  
*drink pounce mouse mice*

---

#### WHAT THE CAT SAYS.

mis-tress      hiss-es      plain-ly      naugh-ty

A cat has some naughty tricks, but we cannot blame her for all of them. She was made to get her food by killing mice and birds. And so, if we leave the bird-cage on the table, we must not blame her, if she jumps on to the table and puts her paws between the wires of the cage, and drags out the poor little bird with her claws. She does not know how cruel it is. Or, perhaps, she says to herself, "It is quite as cruel for my mistress to keep the bird in a cage, as it is for me to drag it out."

A cat can speak in more ways than one. When she *mews*, she means to say, "Please give me something to eat or drink." When she *purrs*, she means to say, "I love you very

much, and I am very happy." When she *hisses*, or spits, she tells us very plainly, "I hate you, I do not like the look of your face, and the sooner you are gone, the better."

This is what she often says to some strange dog, that comes barking in her ears. When a cat spits at a dog, she puts up her back, and swells out her tail, till it looks as large again.

A cat can *growl*, as well as a dog; and she means to say the same thing as he does, and that is, "Keep off, or it will be the worse for you."

---

<i>claws</i>	<i>wires</i>	<i>drag</i>	<i>speak</i>
<i>mews</i>	<i>purrs</i>	<i>growls</i>	<i>swells</i>

---

### THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

bri-dle	hedge	child-ren	peo-ple
rath-er	hedge-s	ex-pect	es-cape

A train runs along upon two iron rails. These rails keep the train on the right road; just as we guide a horse by the bit and bridle, so we guide a train by the rails.

It is a fine sight to see a train rush along upon its iron road. But I think any boy or

girl would rather ride in a train, than stand and look at it.

Most children like to stand at the window, and look out at the fields and hedges, while the train takes them along as fast as a bird can fly. All the trees, that grow in the hedges along the rail-road, look as if they were alive. They all seem to be running a race. Or you might think they were all trying to move away from the train, as fast as they could. While the train is going forward, the trees seem to be moving backward.

Children should mind not to lean against the door of a train. Some-times the door flies open, and if any one is leaning against it, he is almost sure to fall out. Once a little baby rolled out, when the door flew open. The poor mother wanted to jump out after it. But the people held her fast. Strange to say, the little baby was after-wards found alive, and with only a scratch on its nose.

This is a true story. But you cannot expect to escape in this way, if you lean against the door and fall out of the train.

---

<i>train</i>	<i>iron</i>	<i>strange</i>	<i>road</i>
<i>jump</i>	<i>rails</i>	<i>scratch</i>	<i>think</i>

## GOD IS GOOD AND GREAT.

cloth-ing	watch-es	en-joy	ri-pens
for-get	spar-row	gar-den	be-ing

God is good and kind to all. He gives us food and clothing, and all that we enjoy. He watches over us by night, as well as by day. Before I lie down to sleep, I must ask Him to take care of me.

God has made all things. He made the sun to give light by day, and the moon and the stars by night. The sun warms the earth, and ripens the corn in the fields, and the fruit in the gardens. God sends the rain from the clouds to water the earth, that the plants may grow, and the grass look fresh and green. God made all the beasts that walk on the land, the birds that fly in the air, and the fish that swim in the sea. He has taught the birds how to build their nests, and the old birds to love and feed their young ones.

All things that live and move have their life and breath from God. And if He did not take care of them from hour to hour, they would all soon die, and turn to dust.

How good and great God must be, to know all our wants, and to keep us all in mind! He



does not forget even a little sparrow. I ought to love Him, and to thank Him, for being so kind to us all.

*night earth field fruit*  
*fresh green breath great*

### INDUSTRY.

clat-ter      jour-ney      heark-en      mer-ril-y  
 rip-ple      hum-ming      list-en      i-dle-ness

Tell me what the mill doth say,  
 Clitter, clatter, night and day;  
 When we sleep and when we wake,  
 Clitter, clatter, it doth make;  
 Never idle, never still,  
 What a worker is the mill!

Hearken what the rill doth say,  
 As it journeys every day;  
 Sweet as skylark on the wing,  
 Ripple, dipple, it doth sing;  
 Never idle, never still,  
 What a worker is the rill!

Listen to the honey-bee,  
 As it dances merrily  
 To the little fairy's drum;  
 Humming, drumming, drumming, drum,  
 Never idle, never still,  
 Humming, drumming, hum it will.

Like the mill, the rill, and bee,  
Idleness is not for me.

"What says cock-a-doodle-doo?"

"Up, there's work enough for you."

If I work, then, with a will,

It will be but playing still.

*idle every honey work*  
*never dances fairy drum*

### THE SWAN.

an-oth-er    grace-ful    per-fect    fi-ner  
beau-ti-ful    feath-ers    oft-en    bet-ter

You know "every mother thinks her own geese are swans," that is, she is so proud of her own children, that she often thinks them better than they are. A swan is like a goose, only it is a much finer bird. It has snow-white feathers, a red bill, and black legs. Its neck is very long, and it will bend in any way the swan likes.

It is a pretty sight to see these graceful birds in the water. They move along with such perfect ease. And when the water is clear, under every swan there seems to be another, upside down in the water.

This bird lives on the weeds that grow in the water, and on the grass that grows near

the brink. We often see them in parks, where there is a sheet of water. They not only look beautiful themselves, but they keep the water free from weeds.



The swan has great love for its young ones. A fox once tried to steal a young swan from a nest, which the old ones had made in the reeds and rushes near the water's edge. The mother struck at the fox with her wings, and not only kept him off the nest, but drove him into the deep water, where he was drowned.

---

<i>know</i>	<i>geese</i>	<i>swans</i>	<i>steal</i>
<i>dear</i>	<i>drove</i>	<i>drown</i>	<i>weeds</i>

## WAIT AND HOPE.

cher-ry	col-our	ber-ry	dang-ling
cher-ries	dan-gle	ber-ries	watch-ed

Kate Smith was standing under a cherry tree in her father's garden, and looking up at the bright red berries. She had watched them for many days and weeks. At first they were small and green. But now they were big and red. They had grown a little every day, and the sun had changed their colour from green to red.

As Kate looked, she longed to eat some of them. She thought if they tasted half as nice as they looked, they must be very good indeed; for they looked so plump, and so full of sweet juice.

Now her father had told her not to touch the cherries. She might look, but not touch. And as Kate was a good girl, she did as she was bid. She knew that when the cherries were ripe, her father would pick them, and give her a fair share.

But Kate found it very hard to wait so long. There they were, just above her head, dangling about in the air. Every breeze that blew made them wag to and fro.

At length, one day, when Kate was looking up at the cherries, with her mouth and eyes wide open, one of them fell down into her mouth. She ran to her mother and showed her prize. And when her father came home, he said it was high time to pick them.

So Kate ran for a basket, and held it while her father picked all the cherries. And then she had her share, which she had waited for so long. Learn from Kate to wait and hope.

---

*bright learn prize sweet*  
*green plump touch breeze*

---

### BIRDS AND BEASTS.

bel-lows	swal-lows	pea-cock	ra-ven
cac-kles	twit-ters	war-bles	feath-ers
par-rot	spar-row	mut-ton	cloth-ing

Every bird and beast has a cry of its own, to let each other know what they mean:

A horse neighs, and a donkey brays.  
 A cow lows, and a sheep bleats.  
 A lion roars, and a bull bellows.  
 A dog barks, and a cat mews.  
 A pig squeaks, and a wolf howls.

A duck quacks, and a hen clucks.  
A cock crows, and a peacock screams.  
A goose cackles, and a parrot screeches.  
A thrush warbles, and a sparrow chirps.  
An owl hoots, and a swallow twitters.  
A rook caws, and a raven croaks.

The young of some beasts have a name of their own :

A puppy is the young of the dog, a kitten of the cat, a foal of the horse, a calf of the cow, a lamb of the sheep, a kid of the goat, a cub of the fox, and a whelp of the wolf.

Many beasts and birds are useful to us for food and clothing :

Milk comes from the cow, and beef from the ox ;  
Mutton from the sheep, and pork from the pig ;  
Veal from the calf, and lamb from the lamb ;  
Eggs from the hen, and feathers from the goose ;  
Wool from the sheep, and fur from the hare.

---

<i>bray</i>	<i>bleat</i>	<i>scream</i>	<i>screech</i>
<i>calf</i>	<i>beef</i>	<i>pork</i>	<i>veal</i>

## LAND AND WATER.

hol-lows	fish-es	big-ger	lev-el
cov-er-ed	hil-ly	big-gest	riv-ers

God made the world, and all things in it. At first the earth was covered all over with water. Then God made some parts to rise up and form hills, and other parts to sink down and form hollows. Then the water ran down into the hollows; and thus all the level and hilly places became dry land.

Most of the water in the world is salt. All the water in the sea is salt; but the streams of water that flow through the land are fresh. These streams of fresh water are called rivers.

God made fishes to live in the water. Some of them live in salt water, and some in fresh water, and some in both. All the big fish live in the sea; but there are many little fish in the sea too. The little fish serve as food for the big fish. The biggest fish is called a whale. Though he is as big as a large room, he has a small throat, and so he lives on small fish.

Fish swim with their fins, and breathe through their gills. They can see and breathe in the

water; and they can turn this way or that way, by means of their tail.

---

*world      water      salt      fresh*  
*stream      serve      walk      throat*

---

### THE BIRTHDAY BOX.

break-fast    pres-ent    birth-day    key-hole

George had a kind aunt, named Dora, but she liked to poke fun at him sometimes. George was at breakfast on his birthday, when his aunt knocked at the door. On coming in, she wished him "many happy returns of the day," and showed him a pretty box she had brought as a present. She said, "I will give you this box, and all that is in it, if you do not open the lid till I come again." She then put the box into his hands, with a little key, and went away.

George turned the box up and down, this way and that way, and round about in every way. He held it up to the light, and tried to get a glimpse inside. He held it close to his



ear, and shook it to and fro. But he could neither see nor hear anything.

Then George looked at the key-hole, and thought he would just try the key, to see if it would fit. He put in the key, and took it out again many times. Then he thought he would just open the lid a very little way, and take a peep inside. He said to himself, "I dare say aunt will not know anything about it." So he turned the key, and up went the lid with a spring, and out jumped a pretty white mouse.

Now a white mouse was the very thing George had been longing for. So he threw down the box to run after the mouse. But before he could say, "one, two, three," his black cat gave a spring, and the poor little mouse went down "the red lane."

Poor George was in tears, when his aunt came in. She spoke very kindly to him, and hoped that by his next birthday he would learn to do better.

---

<i>aunt</i>	<i>knock</i>	<i>glimpse</i>	<i>close</i>
<i>white</i>	<i>spring</i>	<i>thought</i>	<i>black</i>

## THE BLIND BOY.

bless-ing    won-drous    pa-tience    de-stroy

Oh say, what is that thing called light,

Which I must ne'er enjoy?

What are the blessings of the sight?

Oh, tell a poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see;

You say the sun shines bright;

I feel him warm, but how can he

Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,

Whene'er I sleep or play;

And could I ever keep awake,

With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear

You mourn my hapless woe;

But sure with patience I can bear

A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have

My cheer of mind destroy;

Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,

Although a poor blind boy.

---

*enjoy    blind    awake    mourn*  
*heavy    shines    although    sighs*

## THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Christ-mas	car-ol	pil-low	ap-ple
pud-ding	jew-el	pic-ture	edge
or-ange	hol-ly	read-y	edge-s

When little Milly Stones awoke on Christmas day, she heard the bells ringing a merry peal. She had learnt a Christmas carol, and she thought she heard the bells ringing it:—

Jesus Christ this day was born,  
Wake and greet the happy morn;  
Peace on earth, good-will to men,  
Love shall dwell on earth again.

Then she thought it time to see what “Father Christmas” had brought her in the night. So she looked under her pillow, and there was an apple and an orange.

When Milly came downstairs, all her brothers and sisters wished her “a merry Christmas.” And then her father gave them all a Christmas gift. To her eldest brother he gave a book with gilt edges, and to her youngest sister a little doll, and to herself a pretty picture.

It was a very happy day from morning till evening. But the plum-pudding was the best

of it all. When the children heard the plum-pudding was on the dish, smoking-hot and ready to be brought to table, they could keep their seats no longer. Out of the room they ran, and met the king of the feast at the



door. He was crowned with holly, and decked with rich jewels. The children found his jewels were as good to the taste as they looked to the eyes.

---

*merry heard thought brought*  
*pretty feast crown eyes*

## LIGHT AND AIR.

thank-ful	breath	flow-ers	yel-low
mov-ing	breathe	breath-ing	Bi-ble

God made the sun to give us light by day, and the moon and the stars by night. And He has also taught us how to get a light for ourselves in our houses, when it is dark. How thankful we ought to be for this great gift of God!

Without light we should be all like the blind. We should never be able to see the blue sky, or the green grass, or the yellow corn. All would be black to us. We could never see the face of father, or mother, or any one we love. And so, before God made any living thing, He made the light. We read in the Bible, that "God said, Let there be light; and there was light."

God next made the air we breathe. We cannot see the air, but we know that it is all around us. We can feel it, when we move our hand sharply through it; and we can hear it, when it blows through the trees. When the wind blows, it is the air that is moving along.

Without air we should soon die, and so would every living thing—plants, trees and flowers, birds and beasts. Nothing can live without air. When we breathe, we take fresh air into our lungs. We are always breathing, whether we are awake or asleep, whether we are thinking about it or not. We cannot hold our breath long. We must breathe or die. A fish can breathe in the water. But a man cannot; and that is why he is drowned, if he cannot keep his head above water.

---

*moon      house      blind      die*  
*aware      asleep      above      around*

---

### TRUE BRAVERY.

cow-ard	gen-tle	mis-take	jack-et
help-less	open-ed	wi-der	bul-ly

Frank was a very meek and gentle boy. He would rather take a blow than give one. So the other boys thought he was a coward. But one day they found out their mistake.

Frank was taking a walk with his little brother Fred, when a bigger boy came up and

pulled off Fred's cap, and threw it in the mud. He thought Frank was too great a coward to say or do anything. So when he saw Frank pull off his jacket, he opened his eyes very wide; and he opened them still wider when he heard him say, "If you don't leave off, I'll make you."

And Frank was as good as his word, for when the bully began to kick about Fred's cap, Frank laid hold of him, and threw him down in the mud. And there he held him, till he agreed to leave them alone.

Some other boys had by this time joined them; and from that day they looked upon Frank as a brave boy. And so he was. He would rather take a blow than give one; and yet he would not stand by, and see a big boy ill use a little one.

A brave boy is not the one who loves fighting; but the one who is ready to fight for the weak and helpless.

---

<i>threw</i>	<i>thought</i>	<i>join</i>	<i>fight</i>
<i>leave</i>	<i>found</i>	<i>blow</i>	<i>brave</i>

## BIRDS.

os-trich	hum-ming	marsh-y	scarce-ly
fin-ger	beau-ti-ful	en-a-ble	Eng-land
mag-pie	pea-cock	feath-ers	par-rot

Just as God made fishes to swim in the water, so He made birds to fly in the air. He taught them how to build their nests in the trees. He gave them voices to sing, and clothed them with beautiful feathers.

Some birds are jet black, like the crow, the raven, and the rook. Others are white, like the gulls, that fly about the cliffs near the sea. Some are black and white, like the magpie. And others have feathers of many colours, like the peacock. The robin has red feathers on its breast, and the goldfinch has yellow feathers in its wings.

Birds with gay feathers have often harsh voices; such as the peacock and the parrot. Whilst birds with grey, brown, or dark feathers have often very sweet voices; such as the lark, the linnet, the blackbird, and the thrush.

Some birds are made to swim in the water. We have all seen ducks and geese in a pond. They have broad feet, with a skin or web between their toes, to enable them to swim well.



Some birds, like the stork, have very long legs, that they may wade or walk about in marshy places, where there are deep pools of water. They have also very long necks and long bills to pick out the worms, slugs, and snails from the moist, marshy soil.

Some birds are very tall. The ostrich is taller than a man. Its wings are too small for it to fly ; but it can run faster than a race-horse.

The smallest bird in England is a wren. But the smallest bird in the world is a humming-bird. Some of these birds are scarcely larger than a bee.

---

<i>breast</i>	<i>brown</i>	<i>swim</i>	<i>ices</i>
<i>worms</i>	<i>snails</i>	<i>moist</i>	<i>wren</i>

---

### NEW YEAR'S DAY.

frost-y	fare-well	wel-come	sol-emn
vis-it	cor-rect	sup-pose	child-ren

This is New Year's Day. Did you hear the church bells ring last night? Yes, I heard them ring out the old year, and ring in the

new. And very sweetly they sounded in the still frosty air.

Mother says it is a very solemn time. When we bid farewell to the old year, it is like saying "Good-bye" to an old friend. When we welcome in the new year, it is like meeting a new friend, who is paying us a visit for the first time. Mother says, we must try and treat the new friend better than the old one. Do you know what she means by that? I suppose she means; we must make better use of this year than last. And we must try to correct our faults, so that we may be better children at the end of this year than of last.

And mother says, we may never live to see another year; so we must live this year, as if it were our last. I suppose that is why she calls this a solemn time.

---

*church   heard   sound   means*  
*faults   friend   year   better*

## HAY-MAKING.

tum-ble	smoth-er	re-cli-ning	wil-low
grum-ble	snug-ly	fore-bo-ding	pil-low
wag-gon	clo-ver	arm-ful	noon-tide

In the hay, in the hay,  
Toss we and tumble:  
No one to say us nay,  
All through the summer day,  
No one to grumble.

In the hay, in the hay,  
Arthur we'll smother;  
Bring armfuls, heap them high,  
Pile them up—now good-bye,  
Poor little brother!

In the hay, in the hay,  
Snugly reclining,  
Shaded from noontide heat,  
Smelling the clover sweet,  
See us all dining;

While the hay-makers sit  
Under the willows,  
Each with his bread and cheese  
Spread out upon his knees,  
Hay for their pillows.

Hark! how they laugh and chat,  
Happy, light-hearted!  
Now to their work they go,  
Raking up one long row,  
Fit to be carted.

Now comes the waggon near,  
Quickly they're loading;  
Rake away! rake away!  
While it's fine make the hay—  
Rain I'm foreboding.

Now that the sunset ray  
Says the day's over,  
Homeward we take our way,  
In the cart strewn with hay,  
Smelling of clover.

*quickly summer strewn knees  
sunset loading spread cheese*

---

---

### SNAP-DRAGON.

Christ-mas	drag-on	or-ange	spir-it
to-geth-er	rai-sins	ap-ples	plen-ty
par-lour	leaf-less	can-dles	e-nough

Christmas is a merry time. Then is the time for treats of all kinds. Then boys and girls have plenty of nice things to eat—nuts and raisins, apples and oranges. And they find every-body very kind to them, and ready to

join them in play. . Then old and young play blind-man's buff, and laugh and romp together.

At Christmas time trees do not bear fruit out-doors ; but they bear fruit and other things in-doors. The trees in the garden are bare and



leafless ; but in the parlour you may, perhaps, see a tree, whose branches are decked with flags and candles, toys and fruit. Who does not know the name of this tree ? Is it not a

pretty sight to see the Christmas-tree lighted up? And it is better still to have a share of the fine things on its branches.

But of all the fun at Christmas time, nothing is better than snap-dragon. Do you know the game? Some raisins are put into a large dish, and then some spirit is poured over them. Then the gas or candles must be put out, and the spirit set on fire. A blue flame at once spreads over the dish. And then, all the boys and girls stand round, to see which are brave enough to snatch out a plum and eat it, flame and all. This is called snap-dragon.

---

<i>treat</i>	<i>laugh</i>	<i>hare</i>	<i>fruit</i>
<i>flag</i>	<i>flame</i>	<i>spread</i>	<i>snatch</i>

---

#### PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

men-tion	glos-sy	ber-ries	beau-ti-ful
sha-dy	de-light	vi-o-let	prim-rose
car-pet	sun-ny	cher-ry	col-our

When God had made the dry land, He caused plants to grow upon it. At His word grass and herbs began to cover the land like a green carpet. Flowers came up in sunny places, and

made the earth look beautiful. Shrubs, with their glossy leaves and red berries, grew in shady nooks. Trees, with their long trunks and wide-spread branches, formed a sort of roof to the ground. And on some of them God made sweet fruits to grow. He also made plants like the ivy, to creep along upon the ground, or twine around the trunks of the trees, or hang from their branches.

The oak is called the king of trees. It is such a grand old tree. It bears every year a crop of nuts called acorns. Pigs are very fond of them. Other trees bear nuts that boys and girls are fond of; such as the beech, the walnut, and the chestnut.

And there is another sort of tree, that children like still better. They like trees that bear nice fruit, such as plum, apple, pear, and cherry trees.

The rose is called the queen of flowers. It delights the eye with its form and colour, and the nose with its sweet smell. Among pretty wild flowers we may mention the pale primrose, the blue violet, and the yellow butter-cup.

---

<i>butter</i>	<i>beech</i>	<i>trunk</i>	<i>flowers</i>
<i>apple</i>	<i>plum</i>	<i>pear</i>	<i>cherry</i>

## LEARN TO OBEY.

eld-est	for-got	fore-most	for-bid-den
les-son	car-ried	bath-ing	splash-ing

John Jones was told by his father never to bathe in the river unless his eldest brother was with him. But one day it was so hot and the water looked so cool, that John thought he would undress and jump in. So he took off his clothes, and leaped from the bank head first. He knew it was right in bathing to plunge in head foremost. But he ought to have known, that it was wrong to bathe at all when he was alone, because his father had forbidden him to do so.

John found the water as cool as it looked. He dived under the water like a duck, and took care to keep his mouth shut, till he came up again to breathe. After splashing about a good deal, he came out and sat upon the bank.

While sitting there, he saw a frog leap into the water, and begin to swim. John watched how the frog moved its limbs, and then he plunged in and tried to swim after it. While trying to swim like the frog, the poor little boy got out of his depth; and he would have been drowned, if it had not been for a log of



wood, that came floating down the stream. He caught hold of the log, and that saved his life.

John was carried by the stream below the bridge, but he had not gone far, when he was able to lay hold of some bushes, that were growing on the bank and dipping in the river. By their help he was able to pull himself out.

John was now on one side of the river, and his clothes on the other, so he had to run up the bank, and cross the bridge, without a shoe to his foot, or a shirt to his back. John never forgot the lesson he learnt that day; and that was, not to slight his father's word.

---

<i>bath</i>	<i>bathe</i>	<i>cloth</i>	<i>clothe</i>
<i>splash</i>	<i>plunge</i>	<i>wrong</i>	<i>climb</i>

---

### TREES AND SHRUBS.

blos-soms	wal-nut	branch-es	church-es
win-ter	lar-gest	chest-nut	fin-gers

Almost anything that grows in the ground may be called a plant. The largest plants are trees. Trees are fixed into the ground by

roots, spreading far and wide. If you were to cut away the roots from a tree it would die. Just as we eat and drink with our mouths, so a tree eats and drinks with its roots.

The body of a tree is called the trunk, and the bark is like its skin. If you were to strip off the bark it could not live. A tree has not only a body, but it has arms called boughs or branches, and fingers called twigs. Upon the branches grow leaves, and blossoms, and sometimes nuts and fruit.

When the frost comes all the leaves fall off, and the tree looks bare and naked. But the branches are dotted all over with little brown buds. When the cold winter is past, these little buds open in the warm sun, and then turn into blossoms and leaves.

If the tree is a fruit tree, like an apple or plum tree, the blossoms grow into fruit, such as apples and plums. If the tree is a nut tree, like the walnut or chestnut, then the blossoms grow into nuts, such as walnuts and chestnuts.

Some plants, not so tall as trees, are called shrubs. Many shrubs are ever-green, that is, they are clothed with green leaves all the year round. The bay, the box, and the holly are ever-greens. When the snow is on the ground,

these shrubs look quite green. And so they are used to deck our churches at Christmas time.

---

<i>ground</i>	<i>month</i>	<i>leaf</i>	<i>leaves</i>
<i>frost</i>	<i>fruit</i>	<i>shrub</i>	<i>plant</i>

---

### A BOY'S SONG.

<b>haw-thorn</b>	<b>ha-zel</b>	<b>maid-en</b>	<b>clus-ter-ing</b>
<b>mead-ow</b>	<b>ban-ter</b>	<b>nest-ling</b>	<b>neat-est</b>

Where the pools are bright and deep,  
 Where the grey trout lies asleep,  
 Up the river and over the lea,  
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,  
 Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,  
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,  
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the neatest,  
 Where the hay in rows lies sweetest,  
 There to trace the homeward bee,  
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,  
 Where the shadow falls the deepest,  
 Where the clustering nuts fall free,  
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away  
Little maidens in their play,  
Or love to banter and fight so well,  
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play  
Through the meadow among the hay;  
Up the water and over the lea,  
That's the way for Billy and me.

*river shadow trout bloom*  
*mower water through chirp*

---

### THE TWO GOATS.

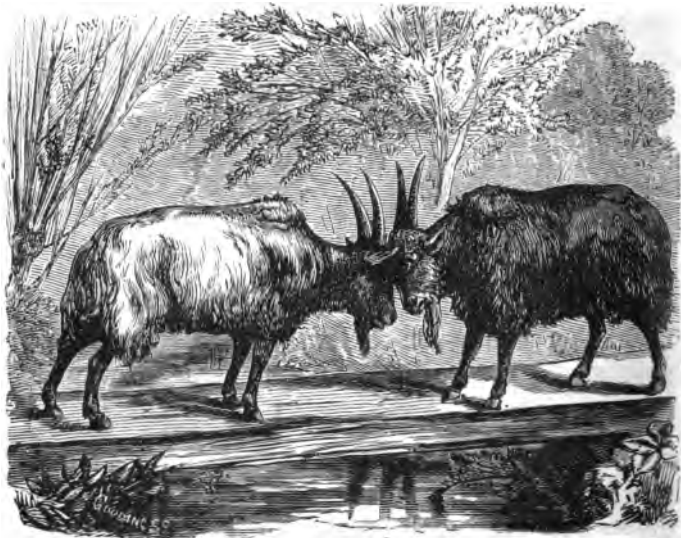
un-hap-py hap-pen-ed wan-der-ed mo-ment  
e-nough op-po-site hap-pi-ness drown-ed

Two goats had long lived as good friends upon the same rock. But at last they fell out, and parted. They made up their minds never to be friendly with each other again. This made them very unhappy, and at last both of them left their old home, and went out to see the world.

They wandered over hill and dale, and saw many new sights, but they could not find the happiness they had lost.

It happened one day, they came to the same

stream. They were on opposite sides of the stream, and were both bent on crossing it at the same moment, neither being willing to wait for the other. Now there was a plank across the stream, but it was only wide enough for one at a time. As both tried to cross at the



same time, they met in the middle. There they butted at each other with their horns. And the end of it was, both of them fell into the water and were drowned.

<i>goat</i>	<i>stream</i>	<i>plan</i>	<i>world</i>
<i>wait</i>	<i>friend</i>	<i>right</i>	<i>water</i>

## DO AS YOU ARE BID.

keep-er	mas-ter	poach-er	doc-tor
vel-vet	but-tons	gait-ers	clum-sy

John Marks's father was a gamekeeper. He had to look after the hares and other game, and see that no man came into the woods to shoot them. He wore a velvet coat with brass buttons, and round his legs a pair of gaiters. He used to go out at night with a gun in his hand, and two great dogs at his heels. He used to watch by the side of a hedge, to see if any thief came to steal his master's game.

A man who goes out at night to shoot hares and other game is called a poacher, and it is the duty of a game-keeper to keep everyone from poaching, or stealing his master's game.

Now John had always been told not to touch his father's gun. But he had so often seen his father take up the gun and carry it under his arm, that he thought he would like to do the same.

One morning, John's father, who had been out all night, came home, and put his gun in a corner of the room, and went to bed.

John waited until his father was fast asleep. Then he crept softly up to the corner where the gun was standing, and touched it. Then he lifted it a little from the floor with both hands. And then he tried to put it under his arm. But he was so clumsy that the gun went off, and the shots went through his boot into his right foot. His father leaped out of bed, and saw his poor boy with his foot all bleeding, and one of his toes just hanging by a little skin.

The doctor did all he could to cure him, but the poor little fellow was lame for life. So you see how dearly he had to pay for not doing as he was bid.

---

<i>game</i>	<i>bars</i>	<i>heels</i>	<i>shoot</i>
<i>bleed</i>	<i>gone</i>	<i>pay</i>	<i>steal</i>

---

### SEEDS OF PLANTS.

ker-nel      dan-de-li-on      down-y      sor-ry

Some plants grow from slips; but most of them from seeds. Even large trees grow from little seeds, as the oak from an acorn. Some

seeds are found in the fruit of the plant, as the stone in a plum, and the pips in an apple. Some are found in shells, as the kernel of a nut; some in pods, like the pea and bean.

When the seed falls into the moist ground, it swells, and the husk, or outer skin, bursts. Then one shoot comes out of the seed, and strikes downward to form the root; and another shoot grows upward, and peeps above the ground to form the stem of the plant.

Most seeds grow where they happen to fall from the plant. But some of them have little downy wings to carry them far away.

You may have seen them floating about in the air. The dandelion, you know, has its seeds in quite a ball of fine threads. I dare say you have often picked one of them to find out "what o'clock it is." If you give a good puff, and all the seeds fly off at once, then it is one o'clock. If it takes two puffs to blow them all off, then it is two o'clock. But I am sorry to say they are very poor clocks. If you pick two of them, and blow first one and then the other, they hardly ever tell you the same time; one, perhaps says, it is three o'clock, and the other says, it is ten o'clock.

The seeds of many plants are useful as food. All our bread is made from the seeds of corn.



Rice is eaten as bread in many parts of the world, and rice is nothing but seeds. Horses feed on the seeds of oats and beans, and birds live mostly on seeds.

---

<i>seed</i>	<i>shell</i>	<i>peas</i>	<i>rice</i>
<i>thread</i>	<i>clock</i>	<i>beans</i>	<i>oats</i>

---

### A TALK ROUND THE FIRE.

<b>big-ger</b>	<b>pleas-es</b>	<b>jack-et</b>	<b>rab-bit</b>
<b>hair-y</b>	<b>for-got-te</b>	<b>bris-tles</b>	<b>clo-ven</b>

A mother and her two sons, John and Tom, were sitting round the fire one winter night. And they began to talk to each other about boys and beasts.

*Mother.* Can you tell me anything which a beast has, and a boy has not?

*John.* A beast has four legs; a boy has only two.

*Tom.* And a boy is without a tail.

*Mother.* Tell me something else, in which a beast is unlike a boy?

*John.* A beast is born with his coat, but mine has to be made first

*Mother.* Yes, and as the beast grows older

the coat grows bigger, so that it always fits him.

*Tom.* But we grow out of our jackets, and have to buy new ones.

*Mother.* Have all the beasts the same kind of coats?

*John.* No; the sheep has a fleece of wool; the dog, the horse, and the cow have hairy coats—some rough, some smooth.

*Tom.* And my little rabbits have fur jackets, just like our cat, and very soft and warm they feel.

*Mother.* You have forgotten the pig.

*John.* A pig has a thick skin to keep out the cold, and a covering of stiff hairs called bristles.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mother.* And now tell me what you know of the feet of the beasts you were speaking of just now.

*Tom.* Cows, horses, sheep, and pigs have hoofs. The hoof of the horse is all in one; but the hoofs of the others, I have just named, are cut in two.

*John.* And that is why, I suppose, they are said to have cloven hoofs.

*Mother.* You have not told me about the feet of the rabbit, and the cat, and the dog.

*Tom.* All of them have toes with sharp nails, called claws.

*John.* But the cat has the sharpest claws. Her claws are so sharp, that she can climb a tree by sticking them into the bark.

*Mother.* How is it we do not always feel these sharp claws, when we take hold of pussy's feet?

*John.* She can draw them in, when she pleases, like a snail draws in its horns. She has a sheath for each claw.

*Mother.* What can a boy do, which a beast cannot?

*Tom.* He can talk, and read, and spell, and do sums.

*John.* And he can write and sing.

*Mother.* Yes, and he knows what is right and what is wrong; and he knows Who made him, and Who takes care of him by night and day. Can you tell me how a boy knows all this, and a beast does not?

*John.* I cannot guess.

*Tom.* I suppose it is, because he has a soul as well as a body.

---

*guess      sheath      winter      fleece*  
*rough      smooth      claw      climb*

---

THE LADY-BIRD.

pal-a-ces    glo-ri-ous-ly    cling-ing    coun-try  
Eng-land    vic-to-ri-ous    choi-cest    speck-led

Lady-bird ! Lady-bird ! fly away home ;

    The field-mouse has gone to her nest ;

The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,

    And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird ! Lady-bird ! fly away home,

    The glow-worm is lighting his lamp ;

The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings

    Will be wet with the close-clinging damp.

---

OUR COUNTRY.

Now pray we for our country,

    That England long may be

The holy, and the happy,

    And the gloriously free.

Who blesseth her is blessed ;

    So peace be in her walls,

And joy in all her palaces,

    Her cottages, and halls.

---

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,

Long live our noble Queen,

    God save the Queen !

Send her victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us ;

    God save the Queen !

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On her be pleased to pour;  
 Long may she reign!  
 May she defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
 God save the Queen!

<i>daisy</i>	<i>cottage</i>	<i>reign</i>	<i>cause</i>
<i>sleepy</i>	<i>defend</i>	<i>queen</i>	<i>voice</i>

### THE OWL.

fright-en	naugh-ty	ver-min	e-nough
ru-ins	qui-et	tow-er	clev-er

The owl is a very wise-looking bird. All owls have large, round eyes, and some have long ears. They can see best in a dim light; and so they fly about in the moonlight, or at dusk. The owl is therefore called the "bird of night." And a very queer, strange bird he is.

Some owls live in barns or old ruins; others find a home in some hollow tree, or in the hole of a rock, or in some quiet nook in a church tower. At night they fly about the churchyard, and frighten naughty children with their wild cry of *tu-whit, tu-whoo*.

Owls feed upon rats, mice, small birds, and young rabbits. Some kinds of owls are fond of fish. And very clever they are at catching them. They will stand at the water's edge as if fast asleep, and when a fish comes near enough, they will dart out their claws, and the poor fish is caught.



All the little birds hate this "bird of night." They like to come across him in the day-time, when he cannot see well enough to fight with them. Then they fall upon him, and peck at him, and chase him back to his hole.

Owls may be tamed. They are very useful in houses and gardens, by keeping them clear of mice and other vermin.

---

<i>wise</i>	<i>queer</i>	<i>strange</i>	<i>owl</i>
<i>chase</i>	<i>church</i>	<i>rabbit</i>	<i>mice</i>

---

POLL PRY.

ma-ker	daugh-ter	par-lour	a-jar
blood-y	jam-med	dread-ful	list-en

I am going to tell you a sad story about a little girl, whose nick-name was Poll Pry. She was on the whole a good girl, but she had one great fault.

Her mother was a dress-maker, and when a lady came to try on a dress she was always sent out of the room. This the little girl did not like; and she always stood just outside, and peeped through the key-hole.

One day her father came in at the back door, and saw his little daughter with her eye at the key-hole of the parlour door. He told her how wrong it was for any one to do things on the sly. But the next time she had the chance, she did the same thing again.

One day a lady came, and wished to see

her mother quite alone. So she was sent out of the room, and told to shut the door after her. But she took care not to latch the door, as she wanted to hear what was said. When the lady saw the door was not quite closed, she walked across the room and shut it.

At that moment a dreadful scream was heard on the other side of the door; and on opening it, there was the poor girl with her finger all black and bloody. She was holding the door ajar when the lady came and shut it, and so her finger was jammed.

It was a long time before she lost the name of Poll Pry; but from that day she was cured of her fault. Whenever she was tempted to look or listen on the sly, she thought of her jammed finger.

---

<i>story</i>	<i>fault</i>	<i>dress</i>	<i>scream</i>
<i>quite</i>	<i>chance</i>	<i>peep</i>	<i>finger</i>

---

#### INSECTS.

in-sects	pro-vi-ded	feel-ers	tend-er
hon-ey	pass-a-ges	sun-ny	com-mon

Birds have two legs; beasts have four legs; and insects have six legs. The best known



insects are the fly, the bee, the ant, the lady-bird, the moth, and the butterfly. Most insects have wings; some have one pair, and others have two pairs. Their heads are provided with a pair of little things called feelers, which they use as fingers to feel with.

Some insects are very pretty. The little lady-bird has a red body with black round spots. The butterfly is as pretty as almost anything in the world. It flits about in the warm sun from flower to flower, and sips their sweet juice. The common butterfly in our gardens has a plain yellow body; but others have very gay colours and pretty spots all over their body. It is very sad to see boys run after a butterfly, and try to catch it in their caps. It is so tender, that the least touch of a boy's finger is often more than it can bear. God has made some things only to be looked at, and the butterfly is one of these things.

Some insects are very wise and very busy too. The little busy bee flies about all the sunny day in search of honey. It comes back to its hive with a load of honey: a part it eats, and a part it lays up for the winter.

The ant is another wise and busy insect. It builds its nest in the ground. Its nest is called an ant-hill; for it rises in a little heap

above the ground. It might be called an ant-house; for it is full of little rooms and passages, just big enough for the ants to move about in them.

The moth has not so much sense as a bee or an ant. If it comes into a room where a candle is burning, it is sure to fly into the flame and burn itself.

---

<i>beast</i>	<i>juice</i>	<i>touch</i>	<i>build</i>
<i>little</i>	<i>body</i>	<i>search</i>	<i>flower</i>

---

### FROGS.

twen-ty	where-as	mud-dy	weath-er
in-sects	fun-ny	tad-poles	heav-y

Every boy of any size has often played leap-frog. A frog can leap *twenty* times its own height; whereas a boy can only leap a little more than *half* his own height.

A frog has a yellow skin, with dark spots. It can live on land or in water. It spends most of its time in hopping about the reedy banks of some pond, or in taking swims and dives in the muddy water. In very dry or cold weather the frogs

bury themselves in the mud of a pond ; and there they stay till the weather is again warm and wet. After a heavy fall of rain, so many frogs will be seen hopping about in some places, that many persons think they come down in the rain from the sky. It is good fun to see them at such times leaping about, and to hear them croak, croak, croak on all sides.

Frogs feed on insects ; and these they catch with their tongue. They dart out their tongue, and the little insect is in its mouth and down its throat in a moment.

When frogs first come into the world, their own father and mother would not know them. They begin life as little fish in the water. Every child has seen funny little tadpoles darting about in the water. These tadpoles are young frogs. They seem all head and tail : they have no feet, no eyes, no teeth. But after six weeks they begin to turn into frogs. Some children call tadpoles by the funny name of *polly-wogs*.

---

<i>size</i>	<i>leap</i>	<i>frog</i>	<i>croak</i>
<i>tongue</i>	<i>child</i>	<i>throat</i>	<i>height</i>

## THE GREAT TEACHER.

joy-ous      per-fume      vel-vet      beau-ti-ful  
stead-y      e-ven-ing      bid-ding      twink-ling

I asked the little joyous bird who taught him how to fly,

And sing such pretty songs in the bright blue morning sky;

And he told me it was God who had given to him his wing,

And taught him how to build his nest, and taught him how to sing.

I asked the little lovely flower who gave her perfume sweet,

And dressed her in her velvet coat so beautiful and neat;

And she told me it was God who had clothed her with such care,

And taught her how to breathe so sweet upon the evening air.

I asked the little twinkling star who taught him how to shine,

And run with such a steady pace along his proper line;

And he told me it was God who bade him shine so bright,

And trim his little tiny lamp to cheer the winter night.

Since all things, then, look up to God, the flower,  
 the star, the bird,  
 And all obey His holy laws, and listen to His word,  
 I too, although a child, will try His bidding to obey,  
 That I may learn to please Him too, and serve as well  
 as they.

<i>listen</i>	<i>obey</i>	<i>breath</i>	<i>cloth</i>
<i>proper</i>	<i>holy</i>	<i>breathe</i>	<i>clothe</i>

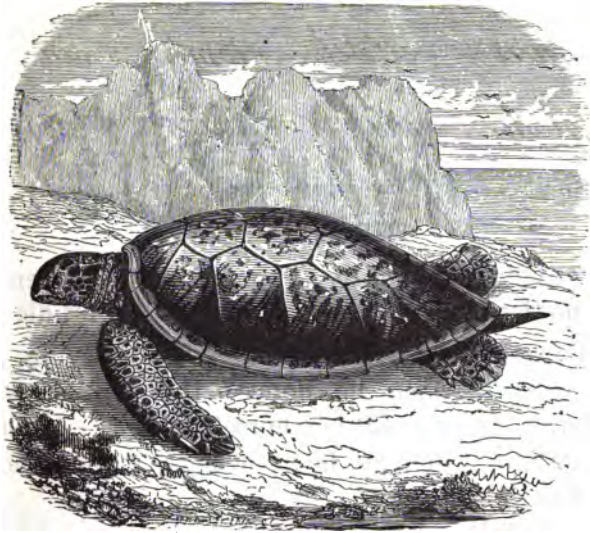
### THE TORTOISE.

tortoise	move-ment	ac-count	fa-ble
tur-tle	an-i-mal	slow-ness	jog-ging

The tortoise is a very queer-looking animal, with a very thick, hard shell on its back. It has a long neck, which it can stretch out or draw back under its shell. It is very slow in its movements, it cannot run away from its foes; but its shell is too hard for them to crack. It is taken by man for the sake of its shell, which is made into combs and other things.

In the picture on the next page is a kind of tortoise, called a turtle. It lives mostly in the sea; but it comes up on the beach for a walk now and then. This is the best time for catching it. A man, on catching it, turns it

over on its back ; it is then quite helpless, and unable to stir. It is much prized for its flesh, from which a very rich soup is made.



Have you ever heard the fable of the hare and the tortoise ? Here it is.

A hare laughed at a tortoise on account of his slowness. Let us run a race, said the tortoise. Agreed, said the hare. And off they started. The hare was soon out of sight ; and as the day was hot, thought she would take a nap in some ferns by the road. Slowly the tortoise came jogging along ; and at length

passed the place where the hare was asleep. When she awoke, she ran as fast as the wind; but it was too late, for the race was won.

---

<i>queer</i>	<i>stretch</i>	<i>tomb</i>	<i>sea</i>
<i>flesh</i>	<i>soup</i>	<i>prize</i>	<i>race</i>

---

### THE LOST NAIL.

sad-dled	mon-ey	mar-ket	rid-den
no-ticed	re-pair	rob-ber	bri-dle

Farmer Brown had saddled his horse to go to market, when he noticed that a nail was wanting to one of his horse's shoes. "That is nothing," thought he; "what is a nail more or less?"

So off he started, but he had not gone far when he heard the click, click of a loose shoe upon the hard road. And before he had ridden two miles, the horse had left one of his shoes behind.

The road was very rough with loose stones, that had been laid down to repair it. So the poor horse soon began to limp from the sharp flint stones cutting his naked hoof; and at every step he grew worse.

All at once two robbers jumped out from behind the hedge, and laying hold of the bridle said to the farmer, "Your money or your life!" The farmer used his whip and spurs, but the poor beast was almost too lame to move. And so the farmer had to give up his purse and his watch.

Then he turned his horse's head homewards, and with a sad heart said to himself, "I have lost all I had for want of a nail."

---

<i>nail</i>	<i>watch</i>	<i>rough</i>	<i>stones</i>
<i>flint</i>	<i>worse</i>	<i>whip</i>	<i>spurs</i>

---

#### A WALK AND A TALK.

daugh-ter	sum-mer	rain-bow	cuc-koo
en-joys	au-tumn	pleas-ant	weath-er

A father and his two daughters, Jane and Mary, were taking a walk one summer day, and thus they talked to each other :—

*Father.*—Do you hear that bird singing in the sky? What a little speck it looks, and yet how well we hear it!

*Jane.*—I wish I was a bird, to sing and fly like that.



*Mary.*—I think we are better off than any bird. A bird, it is true, has wings, but we have hands. A bird can only do one thing with its wings, but we can do a lot of things with our hands. A lark can sing a sweet song, but it cannot sing any words like we can.

*Jane.*—But would you not like to be a peacock? See, what a fine tail it has! Its feathers are painted with all the colours of the rainbow. And when its tail is spread out like a fan, it is finer than any lady's dress in the land.

*Mary.*—But what an ugly voice it has! I would rather hear a donkey bray than a peacock squall.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Jane.*—How nice it must be this hot weather to swim about like that swan! What a beautiful neck it has; and it has only to look down to see itself in the clear water. It has a looking-glass always before it.

*Mary.*—But I have no doubt it would rather see a slug in the mud than itself in the water. And I would rather not be a swan to pick slugs out of the mud.

*Father.*—You are wrong in thinking that swans eat slugs. They eat seeds, and roots, and grass.

*Jane.* Well then, Mary, would you not like

to be a cuckoo? He enjoys the warm spring all the year round. When it gets too hot for him here, he flies off to another land.

*Mary.* I should not like to have spring always. I like to see the yellow corn-fields in summer, and the ripe rosy apples in autumn, and the bright white snow in winter.

*Jane.* But how pleasant it is to hear this bird of spring, with its "cuckoo, cuckoo" in the woods, just as if it could talk!

*Mary.* Yes, it is pleasant to hear the cuckoo; but I would rather be a little girl to hear it sing, than to be a cuckoo with only one word on my tongue. What do you say, father?

*Father.* I think Jane is right in being so pleased with the birds; for God has made them to cheer us with their song, and to delight us with their form and colour. But I agree with you, Mary, in thinking that we are much better off than the birds. If God has been kind to them, He has been a thousand times kinder to us.

---

walk	talk	true	apple
clear	field	ugly	yellow

## TOADS.

ac-count	harm-less	clum-sy	spi-ders
bee-tles	poi-son-ous	swal-low	tad-pole

We sometimes say, "as ugly as a toad." It is true a toad is ugly, but we must not ill-treat him on that account. He is a harmless little fellow. He seems to know that he is ugly,



and cannot take care of himself, for he hides away in dark places and odd corners.

The toad is like the frog; but he has a darker skin, and is more clumsy in shape. He cannot leap so well as a frog, but he can give a little hop now and then. He begins life as a

tadpole in the water; but when he turns into a toad, he often crawls about on dry land.

A toad is a very useful thing in a garden. It crawls about by night, and feeds upon worms, slugs, and insects. Spiders, beetles, and wood-lice soon become scarce where a toad has found a home. He darts out his long sticky tongue; and in a moment the poor insect within reach is going down his throat. Thus we see a toad is the gardener's friend.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the toad is poisonous; he is quite harmless. He cannot hurt anything too big for him to swallow whole. I hope you will bear in mind that a toad is harmless and useful, and that it is wrong to kill it because it looks ugly.

---

*toad      shape      crawl      worms*  
*scarce      tongue      reach      wrong*

## UP! UP!

wake-ful    do-zing    case-ment    slum-ber  
ga-ther-ing    buz-zing    pre-ci-ous    un-im-proved  
sta-ble    soar-ing    scorch-ing    dark-some

“Up! up!” cries the wakeful cock,  
“Did you not hear the village clock?  
I have been up for an hour or more,  
Crowing aloud at the stable-door;  
Dobbin has gone with the boy to plough,  
Betty has started to milk the cow—  
Sure there is plenty for all to do,  
And all are up, young friend, but you.”

“Up! up!” cries the soaring lark,  
“Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark;  
Oh, let it never, never be said,  
You wasted the morning hours in bed:  
Out of the window glance your eye,  
And see how blue is the morning sky;  
Open the casement, your slumber spare,  
And smell how fresh is the morning air.”

“Up! up!” cries the busy sun,  
“Is there no work, little friend, to be done?  
Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,  
That you lie dozing the hours away?  
Who would give light to the world below  
If I were idly to slumber so?  
What would become of the hay and the corn  
Did I thus waste the precious morn?”

"Up! up!" cries the buzzing bee,  
"There's work for you as well as me;  
Oh, how I prize the morning hour,  
Gathering sweets from the dewy flower;  
Quick comes on the scorching noon,  
And darksome night will follow soon,  
Say, shall it chide for idle hours,  
Time unimproved, and wasted powers?"

*plenty idly prize waste*  
*window busy plough friend*

## LEARNING TO READ.

Jo-nah	Dan-iel	Mo-ses	Jo-seph
sto-ries	pic-ture	learn-ing	man-ger

"What is the good of learning to read?" said little Emma to her mother. She was too young to see any good in books that had no pictures in them. And so she did not wish to learn to read.

*Emma.* What is the good of learning to read, mother?

*Mother.* Do you not like to hear me read to you?

*Emma.* Oh yes; I like to hear those pretty stories you read to me.

*Mother.* But how could I read them to you, if I had not learnt to read, when I was a little girl? And would you not like to read them yourself, when I am too busy to read to you?

*Emma.* Oh yes, it would be nice, if I could sit down and make my book talk to me.

*Mother.* That is true; and then you could tell your little sister what your book says to you.

*Emma.* Well then, mother, I will try to learn to read; but I *do* wish I could learn faster. .

*Mother.* Never mind, dear; keep on trying, and you will find it easy to read by and by.

*Emma.* When I can read well, I shall be able to read in the Bible. I shall be able to read about Moses in the ark, and Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the lions' den, and Jonah in the whale's belly.

*Mother.* Yes, and you will be able to read about Jesus, when a little baby in a manger. And you will be able to read the very words He said when He told us how to be good.

*Emma.* I shall like that very much. And I shall read about His making the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the lame to walk, and the dead to live again.

So little Emma tried hard to learn to read,

day after day, and week after week, and month after month. It was very hard work at first, but it became quite easy in time. And then she knew that a good book is one of our best friends.

---

<i>learn</i>	<i>speak</i>	<i>said</i>	<i>read</i>
<i>blind</i>	<i>lame</i>	<i>deaf</i>	<i>dumb</i>

---

---

### THE SEA.

steam-er	far-ther	thun-der	ar-my
storm-y	might-i-er	peb-ble	an-gry

Some people have never seen the sea except in pictures. The sea looks something like the sky; only instead of clouds we see ships with their sails, or steamers with their long train of smoke.

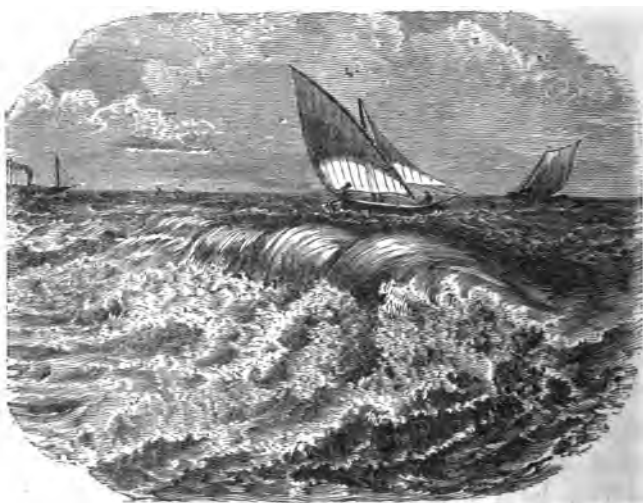
The land near the sea is called the coast, or the shore. In some parts the coast is like a high wall of rocks, which go by the name of cliffs. On a stormy day the waves dash against the cliffs with a noise like thunder.

The rocks toss them back all white with foam; but on they come again, like an army



of white horses, and leap with all their might upon the mightier cliffs.

In many places there is a sandy beach between the sea and the cliffs; and there children delight to go with their wooden spades and pails, to make houses and all sorts of things out of the moist sand. At other times



they like to stroll along the beach, and pick up shells and pretty pebbles.

When a gale of wind is blowing over the sea, then the water rises in great waves. And if you stand on the beach, you will see the waves come rolling in, as if they would spread

over the fields, and sweep away trees, and houses, and people before them. But there is One above who rules the waves of the sea, and who says to the angry sea, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Though the waves roar, and dash in fury upon the beach, they cannot pass the bounds marked out for them by the great God.

---

*cloud      coat      waves      sail*  
*noise      smoke      against      beach*

---

### CHESTNUTS.

Eng-land	won-der	prick-ly	plen-ty
Eng-lish	ha-zel	chest-nut	a-broad

Most children are very fond of nuts. The small brown nuts we buy in our shops come from abroad. But there are some nuts that grow in England, such as the walnut, the hazel-nut, and the chestnut.

I wonder if you have ever picked up chestnuts in the woods? If so, you know they have a very prickly green husk. If you have ever taken a stone and cracked the husk, you have seen inside a little nest of nuts, white when

unripe, and brown when ripe. These nuts are good either raw or roasted.

It is good fun to roast chestnuts; you put them on the top bar of the grate; and after a while you hear one after another go, *pop, pop, pop*. Sometimes they jump off the bar, and then you find it warm work to put them up again with your fingers.

English boys and girls eat chestnuts as a great treat; but in Spain, where they grow in great plenty, the children get more than they care about. They have often to make a meal of these nuts with a little salt.

---

<i>brown</i>	<i>grow</i>	<i>hush</i>	<i>crack</i>
<i>roast</i>	<i>treat</i>	<i>meal</i>	<i>warm</i>

---

#### FAIR TO THE EYE.

Span-ish	fi-nest	gath-er	lat-ter
break-fast	fair-est	bet-ter	bit-ter

There are two kinds of chestnuts: one is good to eat, and the other is not. Those good for eating are called Spanish chestnuts, and the others go by the name of horse chestnuts. The latter look the finest by far.

Now one day a little Spanish girl was sent into the woods to gather a basket of chestnuts for breakfast. In going along the road to the wood, she saw some very fine chestnuts lying on the ground. At the sight of these fine bright nuts, she stopped and filled her basket, and ran home with her prize.

"See here, mother," she cried, "what fine chestnuts I have found without going as far as the wood." "Yes," said her mother, "very fine to the eye but bitter to the taste. Things that look the fairest are not always the best. A girl with a pretty face may have a sour temper; and a girl with a plain face may have a sweet temper. It is much better to be good than to look good."

*prize basket ground bright*  
*taste pretty temper horse*

#### THE BEGGAR MAN.

fag-got	de-scry	hos-pi-ta-ble	toil-some
wrink-led	drea-ry	com-for-ta-ble	tot-ter-ing
pal-lid	wea-ry	in-clem-ent	stif-fen-ing

Around the fire, one wintry night

The farmer's rosy children sat;

The faggot lent its blazing light,

And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear,  
Low tapping at the bolted door ;  
And, thus to gain their willing ear,  
A feeble voice was heard implore :—

“ Cold blows the blast across the moor,  
The sleet drives tossing in the wind ;  
Yon toilsome mountain lies before ;  
A dreary, treeless waste behind.

“ My eyes are weak and dim with age,  
No road, no path, can I descry ;  
And these poor rags ill stand the rage  
Of such a keen inclement sky.

“ So faint I am, these tottering feet  
No more my feeble frame can bear ;  
My sinking heart forgets to beat,  
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

“ Open your hospitable door,  
And shield me from the biting blast ;  
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,  
The weary moor that I have passed ! ”

With hasty steps the farmer ran,  
And close beside the fire they place  
The poor half-frozen beggar man,  
With shaking limbs and pallid face.

The little children flocking came,  
And warm his stiffening hands in theirs ;  
And busily the good old dame  
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul ;  
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek  
The big round tear was seen to roll,  
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children, too, began to sigh,  
And all their merry chat was o'er :  
And yet they felt, they knew not why,  
More glad than they had been before.

---

<i>beggar</i>	<i>merry</i>	<i>sleet</i>	<i>waste</i>
<i>farmer</i>	<i>frozen</i>	<i>blast</i>	<i>faint</i>

---

### THE FOX AND THE STORK.

<b>Hol-land</b>	<b>kind-ness</b>	<b>stalk-ing</b>	<b>peo-ple</b>
<b>shal-low</b>	<b>hun-gry</b>	<b>nar-row</b>	<b>right-ly</b>

Storks are most useful birds. They feed on snakes and frogs, and all sorts of queer things. They build their nests on the roofs of houses. They are always treated with kindness; and so they become quite tame. In Holland they may be seen stalking about the streets with their long legs, all among the people. They leave Holland in winter, and return in spring.

It is said that a fox once asked a stork to dinner. When the stork came he found nothing to eat but some soup, in a wide shallow dish. The fox could lap up his soup with ease; but his guest could only just dip in the point of his bill.

A few days after, the stork asked the fox



to supper. The fox came very hungry; and smacked his lips at the sight of a chicken, which was roasting before the fire. But when it was brought to table, he found it cut up very small, and served up in glass jars with a very

narrow neck. The stork with his long bill fared very well ; but his hungry guest could only lick the brim of the jar.

The fox was vexed at first ; but on thinking it over he thought himself rightly served. And he laughed at the joke, which the stork had played upon him. The stork, well pleased with his merry guest, brought out a fine fowl ; and the two were friends ever after.

The fox, on wishing his host 'good night,' said, "*You have taught me not to play a joke, unless I am ready to take one.*"

---

<i>snake</i>	<i>queer</i>	<i>houses</i>	<i>street</i>
<i>ease</i>	<i>guest</i>	<i>point</i>	<i>friend</i>

---

### THE WOLF.

de-vour	tire-less	sick-ly	num-ber
wound-ed	faith-ful	rob-ber	re-spect
prowl-ing	trav-el	mat-ter	gal-lop

"I am as hungry as a wolf," we often hear it said. People say this, because wolves are almost always hungry. They are always ready to devour any animal that comes in their way,

.



from a man to a frog. And it is well known, that they will fall upon one of their own number that is weak, sickly, or wounded.

A wolf looks like a large fierce dog. But in every other respect, he is unlike this faithful friend of man.

A wolf is a great sheep-robber. In some places where wolves are found, the shepherd has to keep watch by day and night. At night the sheep are brought into a fold; so when the wolf comes he can only howl, and clash his sharp teeth, and then go off for his supper elsewhere. But when the sheep are feeding on the hills, even in broad daylight, one of them often falls a prey to the prowling wolf.

Wolves most often hunt in packs. No wonder they are always hungry; for they have to travel very far for a meal. They do not crouch down, like the lion, and wait for their prey to come near them; but by the scent they follow it. No matter how swift it may be, it will be sure to be overtaken at last by the tireless gallop of the wolves.

---

wolf	ready	fierce	howl
broad	wait	sure	swift

## THE FALSE ALARM.

mead-ow	for-est	sto-ries	laugh-ed
li-ar	hun-gry	peo-ple	be-lieved

There was once a young shepherd, named Bob Crooks, who kept his sheep in a meadow near a great forest, and in this forest were many hungry wolves. Bob took great care of his sheep and his lambs; but he had one sad fault. He used to tell false stories; and then laugh at people for thinking them true.

One day, being in want of a little fun, he cried out at the top of his voice—"Wolf! wolf!" At that cry, all the other shepherds round about ran up, with their dogs, to help him. But they only got laughed at for their pains. This trick he played them more than once.

At last, a wolf came from the forest, and fell on the finest lamb in the flock. The young shepherd ran up with his dog to save the lamb, crying out with all his might, "Wolf! wolf!"

The other shepherds heard the cry, but they said, "Bob is only trying his old game." And so they did not run to help him.

The wolf soon killed the dog, and ran off with the lamb.

From that time the young shepherd always spoke the truth. He had learnt that a liar is not believed, even when he speaks the truth.

---

<i>fault</i>	<i>laugh</i>	<i>round</i>	<i>once</i>
<i>flock</i>	<i>truth</i>	<i>learnt</i>	<i>lamb</i>

---

#### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

col-umn	suc-ceed	high-er	stron-ger
learn-ing	re-mem-ber	ma-son	pres-ent
car-ried	won-der-ful	weigh-ed	shoul-ders

"I am sure I shall never be able to learn those tables," said Tom; "I have been a week learning one column, and there are ten more to learn. I am sure my head will crack, before I cram so much learning into it. It is no use trying to learn any more; I shall never succeed."

"You don't know what you can do till you try," said his mother. "All great things are done little by little. You have seen a mason build a house: hour after hour, and day after day, he lays brick upon brick, and so the walls rise higher and higher, till at length they are ready for the roof."

"I see what you mean, mother; and the roof, I know, is made by putting slate to slate, one at a time."

"Yes, and I can remember, when you, Tom, were not bigger than Mary's great doll. And now see how tall you are! Little by little you have grown to your present size."

The good mother then sat down, and drew her son to her side, and said to him: "There was once a man who carried an ox."

"An ox, mother, a big ox!"

"Yes, a big ox; and this is how he did it. The ox at its birth was a little calf, which weighed no more than a big dog. So the man took the calf on his shoulders; and on the next day, and the next, he did the same. Every day the calf grew bigger, so that the man had to lift a little more each time. But as the calf grew a little bigger, the man grew a little stronger; and that is how he came in time to lift an ox."

"I now see, mother, what wonderful things can be done little by little."

---

<i>crack</i>	<i>cram</i>	<i>learn</i>	<i>brick</i>
<i>length</i>	<i>birth</i>	<i>calf</i>	<i>grown</i>

## THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

cit-ron    frag-ments    dan-ger-ous    treas-ure  
di-vi-ded    scam-per-ing    whole-some    pleas-ure  
gulp-ing    swal-low-ed    re-hearse    rel-a-tives

A mouse found a beautiful piece of plum-cake,  
The richest and sweetest that mortal could make;  
'Twas heavy with citron, and fragrant with spice,  
And covered with sugar all sparkling like ice.

"My stars!" cried the mouse, while his eye beamed  
with glee;

"Here's a treasure I've found; what a feast it will be!  
But, hark! there's a noise, 'tis my brothers at play,  
So I'll hide with the cake, lest they wander this way.

"Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat  
Every morsel myself, and I'll have such a treat."  
So off went the mouse as he held the cake fast,  
While his hungry young brothers went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted; but still  
He kept gulping it down till he made himself ill;  
Yet he swallowed it all, and 'tis easy to guess,  
He was soon so unwell that he groaned with distress.

His family heard him, and as he grew worse,  
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse  
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb,  
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

"Ah me!" cried the doctor, "advice is too late,  
You must die before long, so prepare for your fate;  
If you had but divided the cake with your brothers,  
'Twould have done you no harm, and been good for  
the others.

"Had you shared it, the treat had been wholesome  
enough,  
But all eaten by *one*, it was dangerous stuff,  
So prepare for the worst," and the word had scarce fled,  
When the doctor turned round and the patient was  
dead.

Now all little people the lesson may take,  
And some large ones may learn from the mouse and  
the cake,  
Not to be over-selfish with what we may gain,  
Or the best of our pleasures may turn into pain.

---

*doctor      enough      treat      feast*  
*hungry      lesson      scarce      crumb*

---

### THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

stalk-ing      marsh-es      pass-age      howl-ing  
pluck-ed      un-thank-ful      re-ward      luck-y

The crane is a bird like a stork. It has  
long legs and a long neck, and it is fond of

stalking about in marshes, where it feeds on frogs and worms. This bird, when it stands upright, reaches to the breast of a man. Like the stork, it is a bird of passage; that is, it passes from a cold country to a warmer one,



in winter. It used to be found in England; and to be served up at table at any great feast. Cranes fly in flocks, and sometimes too high in the air to be seen; but never too high for their shrill cries to be heard.

In the picture you may see a crane, with

her bill in the mouth of a wolf. It is said that a wolf had a bone stuck in his throat. He went howling up and down, and with tears in his eyes begged for help. At length, a crane took pity on him, and put her bill down his throat, and plucked out the bone.

When she asked for a reward for saving his life, she was told to think herself lucky that she had not left her head in his mouth.

*We must try to do good to the unthankful and the evil, hoping for nothing in return.*

---

*breast      winter      marsh      cries*  
*throat      heard      shrill      stuck*

---

### POOR OLD NANCY.

hob-ble	pleas-ure	ga-ther	bun-dle
fag-got	shoul-ders	e-qual	trip-ping

There was once a poor old woman, who was hardly able to walk. She used to hobble along with the help of a stick. She was poor, very poor; she was ill-clad, and ill-fed; and when it was cold, she had much ado to keep a blink of fire in the grate.



Now there was a wood, or copse, near her cottage, where she might go and gather sticks. One cold day she went out, and picked up the dry sticks, one by one, till she had quite a bundle. She was trying to lift the faggot of wood to her shoulders, when Frank and his little sister came that way.

Now Frank was a boy of the right sort—always ready to do a kindness. So he said, “Nancy, let me carry your faggot on my back; I can do it better than you.”

In a moment the faggot was on his shoulders; and off he trudged, with his little sister tripping on at his side, and poor old Nancy limping along far behind.

So much haste did Frank make, that when Nancy came home, she saw a bright fire on the hearth. “God bless you, my dears,” she said, “for your kindness to one who is old, infirm, and poor.”

Frank was very happy the whole day. He felt the truth of what his mother had often told him: *There is no pleasure equal to the pleasure of doing good.*

---

<i>woman</i>	<i>whole</i>	<i>copse</i>	<i>quite</i>
<i>carry</i>	<i>truth</i>	<i>haste</i>	<i>hearth</i>

## MICE IN COUNCIL.

en-e-my	ter-ri-ble	mon-ster	squeak-y
ex-pect-ed	de-light-ed	de-spair	ques-tion
re-tire	bra-vo	con-sid-er	scam-pered

Once upon a time there lived some mice, that would have spent a very merry time, if it had not been for an old tabby cat, that lived in the same house. The mistress of the house kept the cat very short of food, so that she might be all the more ready to catch her mice.

The mice had often lost their friends through this terrible enemy, who would pounce upon them from some dark corner when they least expected it. So they held a meeting one night to consider how they could best get rid of the monster. They talked all night without being able to agree upon any plan.

They were about to break up the meeting in despair, when one little mouse, in a very squeaky voice, stood up to speak. She said, "My dear friends, I have hit upon a plan. We cannot get rid of the cat, but we can find out when she is coming; we have only to tie a bell round her neck."

The mice were delighted on hearing this, and with their shrill voices cried out, "Bravo! bravo!"

Then a very old mouse stood up and said, "I should like to ask one question before we retire to our holes. Which of us is bold enough to tie the bell round the cat's neck? It is easy to talk, but not so easy to do."



At that moment in came the cat, and pounced upon the young mouse. All the rest scampered off to their holes.

---

<i>voice</i>	<i>enough</i>	<i>merry</i>	<i>pounce</i>
<i>shrill</i>	<i>break</i>	<i>mistress</i>	<i>easy</i>

## THE SAILOR BOY'S LETTER.

H.M.S. VANGUARD,  
Christmas Day, 1874.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

When I was at home I wished to be at sea, and now I am at sea I wish I was at home. I often think of you, and I try to do as you told me. Night and morning I say the prayers you taught me, and on Sundays I read the Bible you gave me. I thank God for taking care of me; but I was very nearly lost.

I fell off the main-mast into the sea. I was climbing up like a monkey, when the ship gave a lurch and over I went. You know the steeple of our church; I fell from a place as high as that. It was lucky I fell into the sea and could swim well. But it was no use to try and swim after the ship, so I turned on my back and waited for a boat to come and pick me up.

While I was lying there a great 'fish-eating bird came quite near me, and I felt one of his horrid wings against my face. With one arm I drove it away, and with the other I kept myself afloat. The waves came rolling over me, and I got many a mouthful of salt water. Other birds came near, as if they would like to make a meal of me. One large white bird was the most frightful; I can see it now, looking

as if it would peck out my eyes first, and tear the flesh from my bones afterwards.

I was giving up all hope of seeing you again in this world, mother, when I heard my name called out, and in a moment or two I saw a boat near me.

And now here I am in my cabin, quite strong and well, God be thanked. My love to father and Clara. How glad I shall be to see you all again.

Your loving Son,

SAM SALT.

## WORD LESSONS.

*Write and learn to spell.*

daw	jaw	low	own
dawn	paw	blow	sown
draw	jew	flow	mown
drawn	pew	slow	grown

law	new	row	awl
lawn	few	crow	bawl
claw	flew	grow	crawl
flaw	blew	snow	wall

saw	dew	mow	rue
sawn	drew	mown	true
fawn	crew	blown	blue
yawn	screw	flown	glue

*Transcribe and write from dictation.*

1. I saw a fawn on the lawn.
2. A jack-daw flew on to its back.
3. A cat has sharp claws on its paws.
4. I saw a Jew in a pew in our church.
5. The crew of our ship are all in blue.
6. I yawn when I am sleepy.
7. I get up at dawn with the sun.
8. The wind blows. The brook flows.
9. The cock crew. The girl grew.
10. The seed is sown. The grass is grown.
11. A boy bawls. A snail crawls.
12. The sky is blue. That is true.

## WORD LESSONS.

*Write and learn to spell.*

ray	foot	heel	out
pray	feet	wheel	shout
spray	tooth	pale	spout
stray	teeth	whale	snout
our	goose	heat	lay
sour	geese	wheat	clay
flour	mouse	itch	flay
scour	mice	witch	slay
way	wife	word	loud
sway	wives	work	clould
dray	life	world	proud
gray	lives	worth	shroud

*Transcribe and write from dictation.*

1. I must pray both night and day.
2. God made the world and the whales in the sea.
3. I feel the spray from the waves of the sea.
4. Flour is made from wheat.
5. That dray has two large wheels.
6. It is drawn by two grey mares.
7. The ass will stray from the right way.
8. Two geese are worth more than one goose.
9. The pig has a snout. The pump has a spout.
10. The proud man will one day lie down in his shroud.
11. The cold makes my teeth chatter.
12. There is no such thing as a witch.

## WORD LESSONS.

*Write and learn to spell.*

round	down	pain	plain
ground	town	paint	stain
hound	frown	saint	train
sound	drown	faint	strain

count	coin	rain	raise
mount	join	brain	praise
brow	joint	grain	wait
brown	point	drain	bait

crown	toil	noise	room
crowd	broil	moist	broom
growl	soil	hoist	groom
prowl	spoil	voice	loom

*Transcribe and write from dictation.*

1. The fox prowls about in the dark for a fowl.
2. Hark ! how that hound barks and growls.
3. There is a crowd of boys, too many for me to count.
4. Here is a crown to buy a joint of beef.
5. Boil this egg, and broil that fish.
6. You will spoil your dress if you soil it.
7. I have a faint stain of paint on my dress.
8. Hoist me on my horse, I cannot mount him.
9. The groom has some grain to bait his horse.
10. Do not strain your voice ; make less noise.
11. My father has a frown on his brow.
12. He will not praise me to-day.



## WORD LESSONS.

*Write and learn to spell.*

coop	tea	ream	east
droop	teat	cream	ease
troop	sea	scream	tease
stoop	seat	dream	please
rood	pea	seam	mean
brood	peat	team	lean
roof	treat	steam	clean
proof	bleat	stream	glean
rest	beast	seal	clear
roast	feast	steal	spear
goose	least	peace	smear
loose	yeast	cease	year

---

*Transcribe and write from dictation.*

1. A hen goes to roost with her brood.
2. A sheep bleats. A parrot screams.
3. At our tea-treat we had some cream.
4. Next year we shall have a goose at our feast.
5. A team of oxen is two at least.
6. Yeast is put into flour to make bread.
7. Do not tease me, let me rest in peace.
8. Please not to smear my clean book.
9. You may glean the corn but not steal it.
10. In my dream I saw a clear stream of water.
11. I see some troops with spears in their hands.
12. The old man stoops. The daisy droops.

## WORD LESSONS.

*Write and learn to spell.*

leaf	goat	car	nigh
leaves	coat	boar	high
loaf	load	roar	night
loaves	toad	soar	light
eaves	soap	board	fly
weaves	soak	hoard	flies
leak	cloak	coal	try
bleak	croak	goal	tries
weak	toast	choose	dry
speak	coast	cheese	dries
boat	roast	chime	cry
float	boast	church	cries

*Transcribe and write from dictation.*

1. It is cold and bleak on the high hills.
2. A boat floats. A frog croaks.
3. A toad leaps. A lark soars.
4. We speak of the leaves of a book or a tree.
5. Rain drops from the eaves of a house.
6. Toast some cheese and roast some meat.
7. A baby cries. A bird flies.
8. Dark is the night. The day is light.
9. See! what a heap of loaves on that board.
10. The bell chimes for us to go to church.
11. Do not boast of your fine cloak.
12. Soap your socks, and soak them in hot water.

## WORD LESSONS.

*Write and learn to spell.*

roll	sigh	reach	come
toll	sight	breach	some
stroll	fight	preach	done
droll	might	bleach	gone

pie	arch	ash	doe
die	march	cash	hoe
lie	parch	crash	goes
tie	starch	smash	toes

door	each	rash	owe
floor	beach	thrash	sew
four	peach	rush	shoes
pour	teach	thrush	eyes

---

*Transcribe and write from dictation.*

1. Let us take a stroll on the beach.
2. Some dogs play many droll tricks.
3. They will lie on the floor and seem to die.
4. It is a sad sight to see dogs fight.
5. Can you reach that peach on the tree?
6. You owe me for a pair of shoes.
7. I will thrash you with this ash stick.
8. I hear a loud crash. What a smash it must be.
9. Will some one come and teach me to sew?
10. The sight of my eyes is gone from me.
11. Hoe up the weeds. Tie up the flowers.
12. Let us bleach and starch the linen.

## WORD LESSONS.

*Write and learn to spell.*

gash	shine	shell	clear
hash	shone	shawl	clearer
gush	sheaf	shrill	clearest
hush	sheaves	shrimp	clearly
rush	shake	self	dream
crush	shade	selves	dreaming
brush	shame	shelf	dreamed
blush	shape	shelves	dreamer
wish	sharp	sweet	paint
wash	shark	sweeter	painting
flesh	share	sweetest	painted
fresh	shore	sweetly	painter

*Transcribe and write from dictation.*

1. Hush! Do you hear the waves on the shore?
2. The cold makes me shake like a rush.
3. A shark is a fish with very sharp teeth.
4. A shrimp has a thin shell.
5. It is a shame to crush a worm.
6. How the sun shines to-day! Come into the shade.
7. The stream is clear, but the sky is clearer.
8. The shelves must be washed and painted.
9. Speak kindly and softly, clearly and sweetly.
10. In my dream I saw twelve sheaves of corn.
11. Do you like fresh fish or salt fish?
12. My sister has a very pretty shell.

## WORD LESSONS.

*Write and learn to spell.*

show	moth	bath	birth
shown	cloth	bathe	mirth
shear	broth	cloth	fifth
shorn	froth	clothe	smith

dirt	row	both	mild
shirt	throw	sloth	wild
girl	thrown	ruth	child
whirl	threw	truth	chide

thin	throat	first	chair
thick	three	third	chain
thing	thank	fourth	cheat
think	thaw	eighth	cheap

*Transcribe and write from dictation.*

1. First bathe the sheep, and then shear it.
2. Wool is made into cloth, and cloth into clothes.
3. Ruth is a girl who always speaks the truth.
4. John won the third prize, and Jane the fifth.
5. I think both of them won fairly.
6. Do not cheat to get a thing cheap.
7. The smith makes a chain, and the joiner a chair.
8. How is it your shoes are smeared with dirt?
9. Do not chide the poor child; he was thrown down.
10. What mirth there will be on my birth-day.
11. How the snow whirls about this wild day.
12. My throat is sore. My voice is thick.

hes.

h

hes.

one

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